The Standard-Examiner Sunday Feature Section And What Will Pretty Bonnie Glass Do Now?

Separated From Her Artistic and Once Wealthy Husband, Will She Return to the Former Dancing Partner Who Has Also Had an Unhappy Experience

Ben Ali Haggin and Bonnie Glass in two of the fancy dress costumes he is so fond of designing

With a Fashionable Society Love Mate He Wasn't Suited For?

OUR very interesting persons who have enlivened the newspaper front pages frequently during the past few years seem about to give a living demonstration of the truth of the old adages that oil and water will not mix and that water invariably seeks its

Bonnie Glass and Al Davis, the former dancers; Ben Ali Haggin, the millionaire artist, and Eugenia Kelly, the soheiress, are through with their quadrille. Their ill-advised partnerships are soon to be dissolved and the four men and women put back where they were ten years ago, when love blinded them into thinking they could defy the laws eternal.

It is expected that the separation granted Bonnie Glass some time ago from Ben Ali Haggin will soon be stretched into a divorce. And the former Eugenia Kelly has already filed her sult in Paris, seeking a divorce from Al Davis for desertion and other causes.

When these two divorces are accomplished facts, what will pretty Bonnie Glass do?

According to the gossip of New York's Broadway, there is only one answer to this question. She will again fling hertelf into the arms of her former dancing partner, Al Davis - this time as his

If this happens, Bonnie and Al will be back on the round of the social ladder where they were when they started their

daring flight upward. Both have tried life with a moneyed mate. Both left the world of make-be-Heve and the glare of the bright lights for the soft, refined glow of a fashionable fireside. And both have found that there is an intangible something about life in society circles that does not fit in with their temperaments or the scheme of things the stars have marked

out for them. It is Broadway's notion that Bonnie and Al, two of the best little dancers who ever got a hand from the patrons of the cabarets during the days when dancing was setting everybody crazy. will waltz off in double harness, full of the experience that comes from having lived for a time in another world.

It is a matter of ten fleeting years since the dancing comrades capered gayly before the Broadway crowds. Then along came Eugenia Kelly to break up the combination. She was the daughter of Eugene Kelly, one of the solid old New York Irishmen who made money just because it was in him to make it. He had served the United States Trensury as a fiscal agent during the Civil War, performing for a somewhat troubled national cash register just what the Morgans did for the Allies in the late war. It takes stollity-but then,

So Kelly rounded out a useful and

estate that belonged in the millionaire class in a day before millionaires were as common as Ford automobiles a country daughters the Kelly assets along with the gold.

Helen, the elder, married Frank J. Gould, basked in the bright lights of Paris as Mrs. Gould for a season or two and then divorced her lord and master of the old Jay Gould millions. Later, after being left a widow by her second husband. Raigh H. Thomas, she married Prince Vlora, a son of a former Grand Vizier to the Turkish Sultan and, by reason of the ancient notion that the Turks had of their rights before they were turned back at the gates of Austria by the Christians, a pre-

tender to the throne of Albania. Albania has long been more or less of a ward of the Powers and the Turkish influence has passed, but Vlora, a gay youth with nothing to

do but live, kept up the pretension. For a time Helen Kelly enjoyed life in the gayest set of Paris as Princess Vlora, and then she sought the divorce courts with a view to having her marital appendix removed by judicial decree.

Eugenia came along as a girl without a care for the strings of social obligation. She "hit Broadway" ten years ago when things were at their dancingest whirl. Everybody was dancing. Old, fat men deserted the soup for a onestep with a chorus girl and pushed aside the walnuts and the wine to make an attempt at the waltz. Ambitious youth threw in the tango and variegated steps of the fox-tret as a contribution to the

joy of living. And among those who inspired the garden variety of table dancers to try the newest steps were Bonnie Glass and



Miss Willette Kershaw, the stage beauty who was said to have been greatly admired by Mr. Haggin before he married Bonnie Glass

looked so easy in a when they executed the most intricate steps of

Plunged Eu-

genia into this whirl, full steam ahead. She soon set a pace that made the big alley gasp. She was a "good thing" for the element that is long on time and nerve and short on material resources. She could "buy," and was willing to sign the checks. Within a few months she was one of the best known figures along the White Way, and she became enamored of the graceful Davis, who won her heart, making the beginning with her toes. They were constantly together, and it was soon rumored that they

would wed. Old Mrs. Kelly, angered at the way Eugenia assailed the front door when she came home with the milkman one morning and was refused admission to the house, denounced the girl as an incorrigible, and then the whole story broke into print. It was scattered all over the front pages. All of a sudden Eugenia brought the situation to a head by eloping with Davis to Elkton, Md., where a Mormon preacher paused in the task of collecting converts for a oncway tour to the West long enough to make them one.

They came back to Long Island, solemnly announced that they were going to live on a farm there and lead the simple life. They declared that pigs and chickens of the actual sort would take the places of the cabaret swine before whom she had been casting pearls and the Broadway "chickens" with whom he had danced.

It all went very well for a time. Broadway forgot them. Along came

the Honor-Money means nothing to him. able Andy Volst ead and took Broadway's mind off the sensations that had marked other years, and the settling down of Al Davis and Eugenia

Kelly came to be accepted as a settled fact, along with prohibition and the high cost of synthetic gin. Now, after a long period of freedom from the freedom of the press, they have again broken into prominence with the filing of Mrs. Davis's divorce suit in gay Parec.

Bonnie Glass, who found her millionaire husband so distressingly short of ready cash that she was

forced to leave him

And in the meantime-as the caption writers put it in the movies:

Bonnie Glass, separated from her old dancing partner by the vagaries of a fate that sent him to the home of a rich oung woman, found consolution in the attentions of one of the most picturesque characters that New York has yet pro-

Ben Ali Haggin's father, James Ben Ali Haggin, was one of the country's solid men. He owned mines and ranches and, upon occasion, picked the ponies with such rare skill that when he came to die he left behind him some \$1,500,-000. Also, he left a son who was destined to make a name for himself in gay metropolitan life.

Ben Ali Haggin-he has the same full name as the father, but economy of time forbids the use of it all-is an artist of ability. He paints portraits that really look like people, and he paints them with consummate grace. Also, he is gifted in setting the mise-en-scène for tableaux

in such ways as to lure and hold the eye. So mighty a connoisseur as Flo Ziegfeld has begged his aid upon occasions, and the artistic as well as the rich have found pleasure in his output. And as for Ben Ali, he found pleasure in the society of Bonnie. She married him and went to preside over the home of the millionaire artist.

Now, this millionaire artist has about as little regard for money as William H Anderson has for a hip pocket flask -or Mr. Volstead himself, for that mat-

If there's a comfortable bank balance it is well for the peace of mind of the secretary. If not, why, the secretary may have a headache and walk the floor. Ben Ali is a man who refuses to bother his head whether the banks parallel his name with a black ink entry showing means or a red ink set of figures flagging the paying teller and putting him hep to the fact that an overdraft has been

He lives in his own atmosphere-and goodness knows mere money cuts no ice in that artistic realm. If he has the fancy he paints a picture. Does he get a matter of \$25,000 for it?

Blamed if he knows - his secretary may have some note of it. Does Ziegfeld pay him more for a

stage setting than a couple of governors carn in a year? Oh Lordy! Go ask the secretary. Ben Ali Haggin has other things on his mind.

After his marriage he went on his way without the slightest idea, apparently, that dollars along the White Way and in gay society are all equipped with so many wings that a fellow has, in the language of a local wag, "either to marry a Scotch wife or hire a flock of aviators to keep up with them."

Bonnie Glass was neither a Scotch wife nor yet a flier. So one fine day she woke up to the fact that the man who wanted a matter of \$60 for tuning the piano could not be paid and that her milliner's bill for \$170 for a nifty skypiece could not be met with anything other than a sweet smile. Did you ever try to meet a New York bill collector with a sweet smile-and nothing more?

The net result of the whole thing was that Bonnie and Ben Ali agreed to disagree. She got a separation and he went his way and she hers.

All this happened just about the time when Eugenia Kelly was reaching the conclusion that the match she had entered into back in the White Light days with Al Davis, the sparring-beg pardon, the dancing-partner of Bonnie Glass, was made on Broadway and, q. e. d., not in heaven,

Now, over in Paris Mrs. Al Davis is

to be Bonnie Glass' dancing partner, and the former Eugenia Kelly, the society heiress bride from whom he is now parted obtaining her decree, and in New York Bonnie Glass is said to be

looking over her sepa-

ration papers with a

view to seeing if they

Al Davis, who used

are elastic enough to be stretched into a final decree. And in the meantime again borrowing a

hundred New York palaces of the dance, thousands of gay and willing spirits wait to be entertained and the same alluring spirit of music and rhythm that once brought Al Davis and Bonnie Glass together in the days before they were

jumping-off phrase from the

lured into another world in which neither belonged is calling them back home. If the marriage Broadway expects does materialize it will be in the nature

of an "I-told-you-so" triumph for pretty Bonnie. When the bombshell over Eugenia

Kelly's career among the white lights exploded with a roar that shook fashionable society, it has always been thought to have been Miss Glass who touched the match to the fuse. She did this, it was said, by telephoning nineteen-year-old Eugenia's mother and begging her to force the girl to break off her intimacy with Al Davis.

This Mrs. Kelly was unable to do. When she had Eugenia taken to court, charged with disobedience and associating with vicious people, the girl sturdily refused to repent or to agree to live dif-

"I will not return home," she declared. "I will not apologize to anybody. I will not give up Al Davis."

Eugenia kept her word, and a little later Bonnie Glass had to endure the painful disappointment of seeing the heiress married to the man with whom it is believed the pretty dancer was eager to waltz and tango through life.

Because of Bonnie's disappointment many thought that her marriage to Ben All Haggin was not the whole-hearted love match on her part that it might have been. She welcomed it, rumor said, largely in the hope that it would help the healing of her heart's wounds over the loss of Al Davis.

Now, years after, Bonnie Glass may soon have the opportunity to resume the romance that was so rudely interrupted as a result of Eugenia Kelly's gay fling at the night life of New York.

Rumors as to Mr. Haggin's matrimonial future in case he and Bonnie Glass are divorced, have not yet assumed definite shape.

Perhaps he will resume his interest in Willette Kershaw, the famous beauty whose admirer he was before he married Bonnie Glass. Miss Kershaw is in London now and still unmarried.